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Poetry.

For the Mercury.

TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I me, what blight-eyed of thou art,—
d wherefore, where pale Autumn weaves,
faded wreath, thou sit'st apart,
like, haggard with withered leaves.

now thou! thou art Spring's own child;
passing where the leafless burst,
and at each one, and bent and smiled,
patient, thou art at her feet.

at waiting—watching—now thou art;
and watching not in vain—
on, closely to that mother's heart,
patient, thou art at her feet.

at even now upon the plain
mark a step,—'tis Spring's I wis,
the blossom! mid the falling rain,
look up! and claim a mother's kiss.

EMULY.

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY ALICE CARBY.

Vainly, vainly memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be.

Of the circle once so wide
Three are wanderers, three have died.
Golden-haired and dewy eyes,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby first that died—
Oh! 'twas hard to say.

Dimpled cheek and hand of snow
In the grave so dark and low.
Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thrall'd,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next one called.

Then a grave more deep and wide
Made them by the baby's side.
When or where the other died
Only Heaven can tell,
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was the man when he fell.

Happy thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonely bed.
I am for the living three
Only left to pray:
Two are on the stormy sea—
Farther still than they.

Wanderers one, his young heart dim—
Oftenest, most I pray for him.
Whatsoever they do or dare,
Whence'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home.

Home, oh! Father, in the sky,
Where none wanders and none die.

Agriculture.

SEED CORN.—Now is the time to select
seed of corn for seed. Go into the fields
and pluck off the earliest ears, and such
as are well filled; and you will gain some-
thing by selecting from stalks that have
ears on them. It is important that
you select in the field, and before all the
ears are hard, for thus you will gain several
days in the ripening next year.

We think it probable that a majority of
our farmers neglect to select their seed
at the time of husking. But then they
cannot determine certainly whether
they take the earliest ears.

Corn is so important a crop, and so
much of it is often lost by early frosts, that
it is of much consequence to plant that
which will ripen early. We cannot urge
the planting of the small Canada corn in
our latitude, for it is better to lose occa-
sionally part of a large crop than to be
always limited to a small one. We need
to go north for seed ears, if we will take
little care at the right time, and select
the ears which first come to maturity.—
Many farmers know the importance of
selecting for seed what ripens earliest, but
they are apt to forget and neglect.

POULTRY MANURE.—Have this regularly
kept up every Saturday, packed away in
barrels, and sprinkled over with plaster.
Dana says, with force and truth: "The
strongest of all manures is found in the
roppings of poultry. Next year, each
barrel of it will manure half an acre of
land. Save it, then, and add to the pro-
ductive energies of your soil. Don't look
upon it as a trifling matter."

Milk-rooms should be high between
the roof and the floor, and the top that the
air may escape. It requires a dry
cool room for a milk-room, with blinds at
the windows, so as to prevent the wind
from disturbing the milk. The room must
not be damp and cold like a cellar, nor
should there be a spring in it.

Selected Tale.

THE MIDNIGHT REHEARSAL:

THE TRAGIC QUEEN.

BY MRS. L. C. FROST.

CHAPTER I.

A night of beauty—most exciting of the
season. La Belle Zinealie, was in her
glory. It was her benefit night; and the
night of a gala day in Florence. Thrice
had she been called before the curtain
during the performance of *La Sueno*; and
when she appeared for the third time, it
seemed as if the enthusiasm of the audi-
ence knew no bounds. Shouts and excla-
mations of applause shook the theatre to
its foundation, and bouquets in showers,
and many a valuable present, were flung
upon the stage by her enraptured admir-
ers.

But there was one person who formed
an exception to the main portion of the
audience—one person who did not unite
with those around him in paying homage
to the star of the evening. That one was
a dark featured, ill-looking man, with a
starewart form, and sullen looking eyes,
and general appearance that would not have
been likely to influence an observer in his
favor. He stood in the lobby, leaning
against a pillar, with a black cloak drawn
closely around his form, and a slouched
hat drawn down over his ill-shapen fore-
head. There was a scowl upon his fea-
tures, and an evil expression in his eyes,
as he glanced after the retreating form of
the beneficiary.

Near this repulsive looking personage,
gazing earnestly upon the spot where
Zinealie had disappeared, was a young
man evidently not more than twenty years
of age. He was quite the opposite of the
one we have described, in his personal ap-
pearance. His figure was slight, his fea-
tures thin, and his complexion pale and
delicate. His hair was of a golden color,
and hung in curls around his neck and
shoulders, his face was not endowed with
beauty of a striking order, but neverthe-
less, it was one of those faces on which
one naturally bestows the second glance.
There was an expression of indomitable
firmness upon it, and his mild blue eyes
expressed a manly intelligence and cour-
age that would have commended him as
one it was safe to trust in all business
where bravery and honor were required.

"You do not applaud our pet Zinealie,"
said one of the *attaches* of the theatre care-
lessly as he was passing the rough looking
stranger first noticed.

"No," was the gruff response.
"Why not? Do you not think she is
worthy of our applause, Signor?"

"It matters not what I think."
"But you are a single one against so
many—your course is so singular that I
should be obliged if you would give me an
answer."

"Take it then," said the repulsive look-
ing man angrily, "I do not applaud La
Belle Zinealie, because I hate her!"

"And is this sufficient reason for your
conduct?" said a low voice, close to the
unknown, as the officer of the theatre
passed on.

It was the voice of the pale youth who
had been earnestly gazing after the actress.
He had moved forward to the stranger's
side, having overheard the concluding
remarks, and now stood beside him, look-
ing him into the face, and with his hand
upon his arm.

"What did you observe, Signor," said
the unknown, with an attempt at cool in-
sult, as he glanced contemptuously
upon the pale features of the youth.

"What did you observe, Signor," said
the unknown, with an attempt at cool in-
sult, as he glanced contemptuously
upon the pale features of the youth.

"I asked you, in substance, if the hate
you bear Donna Zinealie gives you license
to be ungentlemanly in your conversation
respecting her?"

"I think so. I hate her; and that is
reason enough for my conduct."

"And I love her," replied the youth,
with such fierce emphasis that his compar-
ison started—"Love her! and by the hand
that made me, you shall not wrong her by
word or deed!"

The dark looking stranger laughed.
"And may I inquire who you are—you
are so valiant in your defence of Zine-
alie?"

"I am Carlo Rossi, La Belle Zinealie's
betrothed!"

"And I am Angelo Rovea, your rival
and her enemy!" responded the other,
while his form fairly quivered with pas-
sion. "The time has been when I loved
Zinealie—when I proposed honorable
marriage—I, Count Rovea of Naples—but
she refused to listen to my suit. I swore to
have revenge, and now that I know how
to reach her feelings, it will soon be mine.
For what did she refuse me? For such a
beardless boy as you?"

"That beardless boy can kill you," said
Rossi, quietly, while a gleam appeared in
his eyes. "Choose your weapons—name
the time and place—I challenge you to
mortal combat!"

"I will not fight."
"Then you are a coward, and may take
that as my opinion of your courage!" said
Rossi, quickly, and he struck his rival in
the face.

The count was rendered furious by the
blow. With a curse upon his lips, he
drew a heavy knife from beneath his cloak
and darted forward with murder written
on his visage; but even as he raised his
hand for the blow, he appeared to change
his mind. He paused, lowered his weap-
on, and finally replaced it in his belt while
an almost infernal sneer passed over his
face.

"No, I will not slay you now. I will be
more terrible in my revenge! I have in-
fluence with the Inquisition, that dreaded
power which has already looked with sus-
picion upon you—and what do you think I
will do? Listen! and his voice sank to a
low whisper, every intonation of which was
denominical. "I will have you arrested,
and at the moment when your happiness
appears to be the most perfect—aye, when
you are in the arms of your Zinealie I will
tear you from her—you shall die in a dun-
geon—as a heretic and traitor, while she
—she shall be mine."

"Remember what I have told you. I
swear to its accomplishment!" and the
Count, with a look of contempt turned
upon his heel and left the theatre.

Rossi soon followed, but—to tell the
truth—he was ill at ease. He knew that
the Count Rovea was a man to be feared.

CHAPTER II.

Another evening had come.
The shades of night stole softly down
upon the earth, as pensive looks steal o'er
the face of lovely woman! Like isles of
beauty in a waveless sea, the moon and
stars were resting in their azure setting,
and shedding light and beauty on a scene
of love.

La Belle Zinealie was seated with her
lover—both seated in a bower that stood in
the midst of a spacious garden. They were
clasped to each other's heart, and convers-
ing in the low tones of love. They had
been speaking of Count Rovea.

"Let us speak of him no more," said
Carlo. "But trust the future—live in hope
and love! If it is ordained for him to suc-
ceed in any evil designs he may meditate
against us, 'tis vain for us to struggle with
our fate!"

"True—most true. And now we will
speak of other things. Let me tell you of
my bright hopes for the future, not only
for myself, but for you. Both of us have
now an enviable position—you as the au-
thor of *La Sueno*, and I as a *Tragedienne*;
and now I am in hopes that each of us can
add to our reputation by your new tragedy
of 'The Vestal.' It is certainly far ahead
of any of your previous works, the recep-
tion of which has been as successful and
gratifying as we could have expected or
desired."

"Thanks for this assurance. With such
an incentive as your approval, why could
I not gain honors and riches by my pen?
Oh, Zinealie, it is something glorious to
have so holy a shrine."

"The maiden pressed him closer to her
heart. They were happy. But scarcely
had his voice died away on the air, when
there was a movement in the shrubbery
near the bower. A moment later, the vines
that overhung the entrance of it were thrust
aside, and Count Rovea appeared, with a
smile of exultation on his face.

"I have been listening to your conversa-
tion," he observed, "and have heard your
enthusiastic allusions to your new tragedy
of 'The Vestal.' It may be gratifying for
you to know that I have seen the censor,
and have influenced him to such an extent,
that he will not allow the piece to be played.
This is the first stroke of my revenge."

"Villain!" cried Rossi, starting to his
feet—but the Count had gone as quietly as
he had come.

The lovers remained silent for a moment
—then Carlo's face became stern in its ex-
pression and he muttered:
"Forbidden, eh? But 'The Vestal'
shall be performed, if there are no specta-
tors. We will have a *Midnight Rehearsal*!"

"A *MIDNIGHT REHEARSAL*," echoed
Count Rovea, who had remained near by.
"The censor shall hear how his orders are
disobeyed,—and I will be avenged!"

CHAPTER III.

The young author had kept his resolu-
tion. He had notified all of the actors
and actresses required to perform the piece
to be at the theatre on the following mid-
night. He had come himself, and La
Belle Zinealie was in attendance, and
everything was going off to the satisfaction
of all concerned.

"The Vestal" was a five-act tragedy.—
The first and second acts had been re-
hearsed—the third had begun, when Carlo
and Zinealie, who were on the stage, heard
strange voices in the green room—some-
thing that sent a thrill of excitement to the hearts
of each. They felt that there was some-
thing in those sounds to fear. Both had
tended to learn their object and their cause.

"Our disobedience has probably been
discovered by the Censor," whispered
Rossi. "If so, a severe punishment awaits
me!"

Zinealie made no reply, but she shud-
dered as her lover opened the door leading
from the stage to the green-room.

True to her fears, the first person her
eyes rested upon was Count Rovea. His
eyes met her own. The smile of exulta-
tion had deepened on his features. He
evidently regarded her as one whose hap-
piness he was gradually destroying.

The author saw all at a glance. The
censor was before him, and the man he
most despised. A look at each told him
the true position of affairs.

"I see it all," said he bowing to the
Censor. "My noble friend here, Count
Rovea, gave you information of this night's
proceedings. But what can you do. It
is only a rehearsal—not a public perfor-
mance of a forbidden play."

"Beg your pardon," said the Count,
advancing—"but you will see that the per-
formance has been public!" and he pointed
to a number of men who were seated in
the centre of the pit.

The performance had indeed been wis-
dom. Those men in the pit had been
smuggled into the theatre through the in-
fluence of the Count. Young Rossi was
caught, as it were, in a trap.

"It's bad," muttered the Censor; "but
the law must take its course. Signor Rossi,
you will have to submit to arrest, and im-
prisonment in the Inquisition till you can
have a trial."

"Very well—I am ready."

"And here ends the *Midnight Rehearsal*,"
said the Count, with a chuckle.

"No—not here! I shall write a piece
called the 'Midnight Rehearsal' while I am
a prisoner," responded Rossi.

"Comedy or tragedy?" sneered Rovea.
"Tragedy! with your death as its
conclusion!" was the reply.

"Very good," muttered the Count—
"let us have it; when it is written, I sup-
pose the 'Midnight Rehearsal' will be at
an end!"

"No," observed Zinealie, with an icy
coldness of tone and manner—"for I shall
play it!"

CHAPTER IV.

The following day, the fortunes of the
lovers were a dark look. Carlo was in one
of the dungeons of the Inquisition; Zine-
alie was at her home, lamenting his fate,
and urging her father to make an effort to
gain his freedom.

"My child, my dear Zinealie," said he—
and there were tears in his eyes as he
spoke—"my efforts will prove fruitless. It
is of no use for me to attempt your lover's
release. Count Rovea is his enemy, and in
that fact I can read poor Carlo's doom."

"No, no! It shall not be!" cried Zine-
alie, wildly. "I will sacrifice life itself
before he shall fall a victim to the Count's
malignity!"

She threw herself upon a couch, weep-
ing as if her heart would break. Her
father could not bear to behold her misery
—knew he could not comfort her, and so
hastened from the room, determined to
make another effort for young Rossi's re-
lease.

Scarcely had he gone, when Count Ro-
vea was announced. He entered Zinealie's
room. There was a blind look upon
his face, which occasionally gave way to
a smile of triumph, especially when he saw
how great was the grief of the tragic queen.

"I know why you have sought me," said
she, coldly. "It is to express joy at my
sorrow."

"Far from it. I come to point out a way
to your happiness. Consent to be mine,
and your lover is free."

"When will you free him?"

"The hour you become mine."

"'Tis well, That hour shall be at ten
o'clock to-night."

"Do you swear this?" asked the Count,
rising to depart.

"I swear it! Send Carlo to me at
nine; meet me at the theatre at ten, and I
will become yours!"

"Thanks. It shall be as you desire."

And the Count departed.

"At ten," mused Zinealie. "It will be
a fatal meeting. 'Death before dishonor'
is a good motto—especially for Italian girls,
who know how to use their daggers."

At nine o'clock, Zinealie was seated in
her room, awaiting the arrival of her lover—
awaiting him impatiently; but he came
not as expected. The hour came and
passed; then another and another. She
knew not what to think of it; but still she
hoped and waited. And thus she passed
the night—all its long, dark hours until
morning dawned—without sleeping or en-
deavoring to rest. Then, as daylight
dawned a package was received. It had
been left at the door by some one unknown.

'Tis from Carlo," as she glanced at the
subscription. Then she broke the seal,
and glanced at the contents of the envel-
ope. She saw that it was the promised
tragedy—the 'Midnight Rehearsal.'

No note, no message from Carlo, ex-

plaining his absence," she soliloquized.—
'What does it mean?'

She started, and uttered an explanation
of surprise as she spoke—started at some
words written on the back of the title
page, for they were in the hand-writing of
Count Rovea. Gracious heavens! what
words those were for her to read!

'Zinealie: Your lover died from the
effect of poison, twelve o'clock last
night. I enclose you his last work, with
my compliments, and with the assurance
that final revenge is at hand!'

The maiden read the note without a tear
or groan; read them once, twice—yes,
three times, without tears. Every feeling
of her heart seemed benumbed with hor-
ror. She only muttered:

'Ay, final revenge is at hand! The
'Midnight Rehearsal' will be well per-
formed!'

CHAPTER V.

Great was the excitement in Florence.
It had been announced that La Belle Zi-
nealie would appear in a new tragedy, en-
titled the 'Midnight Rehearsal,' the last
work of Carlo Rossi. A portion of the
circumstances attendant on its production
were known, though none were aware of
the nature of Count Rovea's connection
with Zinealie or her lover. It was rumored
that the tragedy was drawn from one of
real life, and that it would be most excit-
ing. Great therefore was the excitement among
the theatre-goers of Florence.

Evening came, and the theatre was
crowded to excess. Hundreds had been
unable to gain admittance. The *elite* of
the city had honored the occasion with
their presence. A strange and universal
interest was manifested by all. As the
tragedy approached for the performance to
commence, the silence that reigned
throughout the house was really oppres-
sive; and it was not until the curtain was
rung up on the first scene, and La Belle
Zinealie was discovered seated at a table,
that the solemn stillness was broken. A
hearty and long-continued reception with
which she was greeted, showed that she
was appreciated.

The actress bowed her acknowledg-
ments—then moved forward to the foot-
lights. Her appearance sent a cold thrill
throughout the audience. She was deathly
pale, her eyes wild and brilliant, and her
features stern and rigid. None in that
vast assembly had ever seen her so before.
Was it a reality of the actress herself, or a
rendition of character?

The performance went on, and closely
was the progress of the tragedy observed.
The first scene was between a maiden and
her lover, when love was young, and bright
hopes for the future animated each heart.
This scene ended with the appearance of
a repulsive-looking man, who had been
rejected by the maiden, and had sworn re-
venge. This was a beginning that caused
many an eye to be directed towards the
private box where Count Rovea was seated;
and it was whispered among the audience
that Zinealie was now representing her
own history.

The play continued, all observing it
with an interest never before felt in a per-
formance. We need not describe its fea-
tures minutely—it is sufficient for us to
say that it was indeed drawn from the
lives of Zinealie and Rossi. Their mis-
fortunes were terribly, truly portrayed,
even to the death of the lover—for it
seemed that he had been conscious of being
poisoned some hours before he died.—
His agonies in his dungeon were all fear-
fully depicted. So true to life, and to the
reality, had the scenes of the tragedy been
drawn, that it seemed to the audience as
if they were really gazing on the wrongs
of their favorite actress—their tragic
queen—the peerless Zinealie!

She played as actress never played be-
fore. Her whole soul seemed concen-
trated in the performance. The closing
scenes were given with an effect that fairly
enchained the senses of those who gazed
upon her—each scene agreeing with some
fact or rumor that had been told them as a
portion of Zinealie's history. This ad-
vance to known facts, as heightened by the
harmonizing appearance of the actress
rendered the entire audience madly ex-
cited. And still they gazed—intently gazed
as if ruled by a kind of horrible fascina-
tion!

The last scene of the tragedy was terri-
bly sublime! It represented the interior
of a theatre. Footlights were set across
the rear of the stage, and beyond there
was a painted gallery and family circle in
which the ladies of the ballet and super-
numeraries of the theatre were standing on
stagnant erections for the purpose. They
represented the audience. A private
box was represented at the top, and an-
other at the bottom, and a death like silence
reigned throughout the house, as they saw
that in one of these boxes, there was a man
or figure that was exactly the counterpart
of Count Rovea, who had remained spell-
bound and motionless in the box ever since
the performance commenced!

Zinealie made her appearance. She

was pale as death, and the brilliant gleam
had deepened in her eyes. The audience
saw all at a glance, when they observed
that a pistol was clutched in her frenzied
grasp; but they still gazed on, controlled
by speechless horror, and a terrible curi-
osity to see the result. It was acting no
longer; it was a reality. The whole scene
of despair, of hopeless agony, was fearfully
depicted by their favorite Zinealie.—
Ah! they knew that it was as much a real-
ity as their own existence. And when the
heroine she was representing determined
on suicide, as a relief from her troubles—
when she stood there in the centre of the
stage, wild with excitement, and swallowed
the contents of a vial, one half of the audi-
ence started up with cries of horror and
anguish, for they felt that their Zinealie
was indeed poisoned!

The actress turned towards them—then
advanced to the footlights. The mimic
audience was forgotten—she knew only
the one before her. That look that rested
upon her face haunted those who gazed
on it for many and many an hour in
after life—it was so terribly despairing, so
expressive of misery. They had seen all,
the lovers in their happiness, then their
wrongs, then the death of Carlo, and so on
down, even to the representation of the
author of her wrongs, in that mimic box at
the rear of the stage, while the real criminal
sat there in front, now just awakening to
the dangerous realities of his situation!

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Zinealie,
as soon as she could be heard, speaking in
the character of the heroine—not as her-
self, 'I am thankful for your kindness.
You are doubtless aware that this is my
last appearance, and it is gratifying for me
to know from these sincere testimonials,
that I do not leave you unregretted. The
Midnight Rehearsal, is nearly at an end.
You have seen its progress, down to the
present moment, and to the present relative
position of the victim to the one by whom
she has been wronged!'

She paused and turned towards the pri-
vate box in which Count Rovea was
seated. He understood that look, and
shuddered. A look of implacable hatred
and resolution was on her pale features,
and her fingers were nervously playing with
the trigger of the weapon she had pro-
duced. Every person present understood
the scene. They did not see it as an artistic
piece of acting, but as a terrible reality.
The Count himself felt that it was so, and
started up with the intention of leaving the
box.

'The *Midnight Rehearsal* is nearly en-
ded,' spoke Zinealie, in terribly calm tones.
'All that now remains is the final deed of
avengement!'

She raised her weapon and fired. The
Count uttered a cry of horror, a groan of
pain; and fell heavily forward upon his
face in the middle of his box. A number
of persons hastened towards him.

'I'm dying,' he muttered, and when they
reached him, he was dead.

'Avenged!' cried Zinealie, with a wild
laugh of exultation, as she sank down upon
the stage, dying from the effects of the
poison.

The *Midnight Rehearsal* was indeed at
an end.

There is a cemetery not far from Flo-
rence, and in one of its most sequestered
nooks, a marble monument is reared above
two graves, and contains the simple in-
scription:

ZINEALIE AND CARLO!

"GIVING EYES TO THE SOUP."

A trial before the Correctional Police
of Paris, revealed the following interesting
facts to those who dine upon three dishes
for five sous. The case was between the
Cook and Customer, the former advertis-
ing the following "Bill of Fare":

"Plate of Meat, 3 sous; Vegetables, 2 sous.
Half a plate, 2 sous; Soup, 1 sou."

This was read to the Court, and the
plaintiff was instructed to tell his story.

Plaintiff—I hadn't done nothing to him
when he came where I was and battered
me on the head, and then on the antipodes
with whang! a whack! and a bang! so that
I saw stars before and behind.

President—Where did this take place?

Plaintiff—In the kitchen where I work.

Defendant—Will your honor ask him
what he was doing, and whether any one
would not have served him as I did?

Plaintiff—I was giving eyes to the
soup.

Defendant—Ah! that's what I wanted him
to acknowledge. He was giving eyes to the
soup. No wret me just explicate the clean
way he was doing it. No one can say
the cooking of Marm Baptiste is good; on
the contrary, it's indecently bad, specially
the soup, which is made out of bones that
have been twice stewed already, and of old
dominos and such like succulent materials
and of course there never is any shadow of
an eye upon it, so the cook makes eyes for
it. And I caught him doing it, having
stepped into the kitchen to see why the
soup did not come. He was just then
making the eyes. He put a little oil in his
mouth, held his head over the pot, and
then snapped his cheeks, which made the
oil spit out in drops all over the soup, and
that makes the eyes. Don't you think
when I saw that, that I had a good right to
come down upon him? I kicked him be-
hind, and spat his two cheeks with my
two hands, which brought

Severe illness must be our apology for the scarcity of editorial this week.

The "Season" with Newport this year was rather backward, and at one time serious fears were entertained that it would prove a failure, not that Newport offered fewer attractions than usual, but sickness at the north and convulsions in the commercial world created an alarm that we feared would not subside until it was too late to make up for lost ground. But these fears were all groundless. The cottages were early taken up by those who make this island their home as soon as the east winds have spent their force, and if the hotels were not crowded by the first of July, it was because the travelling public had not seen fit to pack their boxes until driven to such a step by the extreme heat. Newport is crowded to excess. Every room and every corner is occupied and several weeks remain for pleasure seekers to resort here for the purpose of swelling the numbers and having it said that they spent the "Season" in Rhode Island.

The streets are noisy with the rolling of additional carriages and other vehicles, strange faces are met at every turn, the omnibuses that find customers only in the summer, are continually passing up and down Bath road, and the number of those who daily frequent the beach and shores for a walk can hardly be credited by one who has not mingled in the crowds.

There is considerable building going on, the sales of land are often reported to us, and now, to look around this city and observe the degree of activity on every hand, we could hardly suppose that the great railroad fraud, which so agitated the public mind at the time they were made known, occurred only a few weeks since. If they had any effect on the travel to Newport, it was only momentary, and scarce a shadow of the crowd could now be discovered in this quarter.

While writing this paragraph we hear the bells of steamboats coming to the harbor crowded to excess with hundreds of pleasure excursions, with flags flying and bands of music on their upper decks. They come and go throughout each day and for weeks we have not had a stormy day to give a momentary check to their amusements. And many who have visited Newport in this way for the first time, have soon returned to make a longer stay on a spot that offers so many attractions.

Farmers who planted largely in the spring with the expectation of realizing a ready sale at high prices, will to a certain extent, be doomed to disappointment. The quantity planted was very heavy and there was then a strong probability that the war in Europe would require this country to export everything that could be spared in the way of grain; but, as the sales have, "all calculations fall in dry time." The demands in Europe for American produce will be extremely small; the crops are reported as abundant and that of France is likely to be one fourth above the average. Nor will California this year require anything at our hands, her crop promising to exceed all home demands and leave an ample stock for exportation. The potato crop of California exceeds that of any former year, and prices range so low that it will not pay to bring it to market. On the mountain ranges they have raised large quantities of cattle, sheep, and poultry, and at the mines, metals can be obtained at reasonable prices.

The farmers will under these circumstances have to look only to the home market, and as the crops at the West are reported to be an average, prices will not range as high as was anticipated.

We extract the following obituary of Rev. Mr. HENMAN, from the Salem (N. C.) Press. Mr. HENMAN formerly preached at the Methodist Church in this city, and was beloved by all who knew him.

On the 20th of July, at the residence of Mr. McCullough, in Western Missouri, was called home by his Saviour, Brother JOHN G. HENMAN, a Bishop of the Brethren's Church. He left this place in April last, on a visitation to Brethren's Mission among the Cherokee, and accomplished the important task assigned him, when on his return home he was overtaken by bilious intermittent fever. The intelligence at first received concerning his sickness, was favorable, until, most unexpectedly, tidings arrived that he, the oldest but one of the servants of our church in this country, had fallen asleep in Jesus on the same day with the youngest of our ministerial brethren.

On his brother having been engaged in his Lord's service, and being known and esteemed not only in our country, but in England, Germany, and the West Indies, our whole church will be the more deeply affected by his departure, and the more ardently remember his beloved ones at the throne of Him who has said: "All things shall work together for good to them that love God."

Our departed brother's age was 64 years, 8 months, and 2 days.

The want of rain is now seriously felt throughout the southern portion of the State, and it has already been productive of much sickness. It would be idle and wicked for us to say that the air was not in some way poisoned, or that many fatal cases of disease had resulted from exposure and delaying too long to call in medical aid. And it would be quite as wrong to create anything of an alarm, there is not the slightest ground for it. All that we desire is to caution the public to look well to their diet, avoid exposures to extreme heat and cool drafts, and above all things let alone such articles as are likely to excite the action of the stomach too much, and if indisposed in the least call in a physician, who by timely applications, can in some cases avert of very ten remove the difficulty and effect a cure.

We have received the Tax Book for 1884, from Mr. W. H. BAKER. They are for sale at the clock store.

The total amount of Real and Personal Property in the city is \$20,220,500. The valuation in 1883 was \$17,726,100—increased during the past year, \$2,494,400. The rate of assessment 28 cents on the \$100; last year 31 cents. Total assessment \$5,807,399. There are 180 persons who pay a tax of \$50 and upwards—the highest tax being \$1,443.30—paid by EDWARD KING, Esq.

The city authorities of Boston have annulled the law in relation to smoking in the streets, as it is considered a preventive of cholera. We are opposed to using the weed in any way, but if any good can come from it, we would advise our readers to try a new article just received from Havana by NATHAN BROTHERS.

Before long we hope the earth will be refreshed by gentle showers. Such a visitation is devoutly prayed for, to preserve the crops and wash off the impurities of the surface. Sickness always follows rain after a long drought, and prudence is still more necessary at such times, to protect the body with warm garments and keep a guard on the appetite.

815 ONLY FOR A HONEYMOON—A few shares in the Village Lots and Farms at Lakeland, I. I., may now be had. If application is made immediately to Charles Wood, 20 Broadway, N. Y., or Jas. Atkinson, Newport, 4 lots or a farm for \$15.—See advertisement in this paper.

HENRY H. YOUNG, having received the appointment of Agent for the sale of Liquors for medicinal purposes has sent us a sample of the article. We shall keep the bottles corked until necessity requires, when, no doubt, we shall find it a pure article.

We learn that the 12th Regiment N. Y. S. Militia will encamp on the lot next north of the Ocean House on the 5th and 6th of September, and the 2d Regiment on the 10th.

Our readers are reminded that on Monday next Professor JOHNSON & FOSBER, of Boston, will hold a Musical Convention in this city at Masonic Hall, continuing in session three or four days.

The Common Council met Tuesday evening last, there being no quorum in attendance, they adjourned without date.

From all parts of the Country come most sad accounts of the devastating effects of the drouth.—Confining at first to a few localities not unfrequently subject to it, it is now found to extend East, West and South with greater or less severity. More than twenty States report that there must be a large deficiency in their Agricultural products. In some, the failure of the crops will be one fourth, in others one half, while in numerous localities scarcely a bushel will be gathered from a whole field, and farmers are even now compelled to feed their cattle from their winter stores, or drive them into the woods to browse, and some must dispose of their stock or see them die from actual starvation. In Vermont the oldest inhabitant cannot remember so long a period of dry weather as we are now suffering. In some Counties the pastures are nearly destitute of herbage, and the fields in many places as barren of vegetation as if fire had swept over them. Corn will turn out but about half a crop. From New Hampshire and Maine the accounts are almost equally discouraging. Corn and potatoes will prove a total loss in some places. The streams of Maine are so low that the river steamboats are compelled to suspend their trips, and in all the States of Vermont, N. H., and Maine, mills of various descriptions are obliged to operate.

The West too, so vast and upon which we are wont to trust with so much reliance for its wondrously immense products, sends its accounts of a failure of her corn crops to the depreciation of at least one fourth. It is estimated that in the six most cultivated Western States, there will be a loss of some \$100,000,000 of bushels of corn.

Thus with a probable loss to the Country of more than one hundred millions of dollars in crops that are the "staff of life," it is sure all classes of Society must share in the disastrous results, and especially so, those in moderate circumstances, and the poor.

Speculations in breadstuffs we suppose there will be, as there always has been, as they do it. Our own State is thus far the favored of the poor. Our corn crop is thus far greater and potatoes will be somewhat affected. The season coming betokens now a need not merely of economy and prudence in the outlays of the commercial community, but a foresight and saving within means in every class of society, that the experience of the past advises to a people as prosperous as ours has been, yet liable to sudden and severe misfortunes.

A party of ladies and gentlemen visited Bliss Mine or Cave on Wednesday last. The ladies after going to the extreme end of the passage way returned, but the gentlemen succeeded in passing out at the small end near the water. This cave is considered, by those who have explored it, to be of more interest than anything on the Island.

The LUGA FAMILY (colored) have been giving concerts in this city during the past week, and we learn that their performances are of the highest order.

CAN IT BE BEAT?—We have been shown a Tomato, raised by Gov. WM. C. CLEGG, which measured 19 inches in circumference, and weighed 2 pounds 9 ounces.

THE IRON RESOURCES OF IRELAND.—It would be singular indeed, after all which has been said of the miserable condition in which the almost unparalleled emigration from Ireland has left that country, if the very depopulation of the island should, by turning the attention of capitalists to its trust and most permanent resources, cause it to take a prominent position among the commercial and manufacturing countries of the world. And yet such a result is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility. From an interesting article which recently appeared in an English scientific periodical, we learn that Ireland combines within itself all the necessary attributes for the successful manufacture of a better quality of iron than that of England. All of the three different kinds of iron ore which are actually employed as sources of metal, exist in inexhaustible quantities among the hills, valleys and bogs of the Emerald Isle.

After the ore itself, the first requisite to the manufacture of iron is an abundance of fuel, and the 2,530,000 acres of peat bogs in Ireland are a magazine of wealth, the value of which cannot be too highly estimated. By aid of the new invention for solidifying peat, a fuel is produced which is much better for smelting metal than the pit coal of England. It will produce iron of a finer and purer character. Even in England, common cut turf is often mixed in the coal when iron of a superior quality is to be made. The great superiority of the Swedish and Russian iron to that of the English, is caused by the circumstance that wood, or "vegetable fuel," is used in its manufacture, instead of "mineral fuel."

One English writer advances the following facts in proof of the value of vegetable fuel; and if not affording conclusive argument of its superiority, they will at least convey an idea of the results to which its superiority is supposed to conduce:

"In Ireland, and also in the Highlands of Scotland, where peat is the only available fuel amongst the peasantry, it is a rare occurrence to meet with a cracked 'pot' in the former, or a leaky 'porridge-pot' in the latter country; and although these sole cooking utensils are daily in use, they are frequently handed down from generation to generation, not only unimpaired but improved, instead of, as happens where coal is used, the worse for wear. With the vegetable peat the metal appears to soften and refine, while with the mineral peat it becomes brittle, and deteriorates. Another point I would remark is, the purity of the steel in many of the old swords which were manufactured in Scotland centuries ago, was put through in a very primitive and rude manner, the remains of which cooking apparatus are still to be found in some portions of the west Highlands; but charcoal so produced is of too loose a nature to admit of its profitable transit."

Ireland possesses still another important advantage, in the abundance of water power throughout the country. This would obviate the necessity of having steam engines for the purpose of producing the blast in the smelting furnace. A large proportion of the water power, too, is unutilized, which is a matter of the greatest consequence, as instances have been known where the whole contents of a furnace have become a solid mass, from having been cooled by the accident stoppage of the blast for a few hours. In the iron districts of South Wales and Staffordshire, steam, generated at great cost, is the chief resources of the manufacturer. Ireland possesses, in lieu of this expensive article, an available water power the year round, equal to the force of more than three million horses.

The amount of cotton, woolen and worsted goods manufactured in Massachusetts is said to be \$40,000,000 per annum. The entire value of home manufactured goods distributed from Boston cannot be less than \$50,000,000 annually.

Two cargoes of coal have been taken from the Bluffs fronting Bellingham Bay Washington Territory, and shipped to San Francisco. It is said to be of good quality. The coal veins are from three to sixteen feet in thickness, and probably inexhaustible.

About sixty conversions are reported as the fruit of the camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard, last week.

READING UP THE "TIMES," AFTER TWO YEARS' ILLNESS.—The Omnipotence of habit receives illustration from what happened to a constant reader of the London Times. So addicted to this was he, and so dependant upon it for all the news, and so refuse intelligence from any other source, and to this fountain he persisted in applying personally. Nobody was suffered to read its broad and stately columns in his stead on his account. No information even in that select source of light and knowledge which did not shine thro' his own eyes, was acceptable.

This gentleman fell sick, and was confined to his bed. This stream of intelligence, therefore, from that journal, and he had no read himself, and would suffer no one else to do it for him. At his illness happened to be a bad kind, and an obstinate one himself, he may easily be conceived to be in a tight place. For two whole years he was without any hint from the external world. His early mental sustenance was such as he had collected and laid up, squirrel-like, in former days. He subsisted as bears do, on his own fat, but it was getting well used up, one may believe, which, though he was tended by doctors—we forget what "opaths," for he was rich—he was given over—as cured at the end of the time mentioned. No sooner was permission granted for the indulgence of his appetite for the Times, than he fell, with incredible ardor, to the perusal of that paper, beginning where he left off two years before.

We shall not stop to relate what alternations of joy and sorrow, of satisfaction and chagrin, played by turns over his still pale countenance, as he rushed with eager curiosity, through a tale, but the real and stirring history of his country and the world at large, during a space, filled with the most agitating events that ever, perhaps, occurred in Europe, namely, the two years preceding the downfall of Napoleon. But when he came to the battle of Waterloo, his interest grew perfectly intense, and at the victory of England and the allies, which determined forever that battle and the struggle in which his country had been engaged so long, he was thrown into a paroxysm of exultation. He rose up and vociferated a hundred hurrahs with all his might. Nothing could appease him, and a sudden loss of voice was only able to stop his clamor and allow, somewhat, the violence of his excitement. It was, it may well be supposed, a trial of no small magnitude, to satisfy the longings of his pent up curiosity, and to come to a knowledge of the state of his country's affairs in the space of a few days, which no person had dared to whisper to him.

What a strength of habit was displayed by this eccentric person! But upon a nice inspection of himself, every person will ascertain, perhaps, to his surprise, that some habit—it may be more than one—rules pretty despotically in his own bosom.

THE CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA.—The annual report of the Catholic Propaganda for the last year has just been published in Europe, and from it we glean some information of interest. This report states that during the year 1852 the receipts of the Propaganda amounted to 3,953,149 francs, and the balance remaining from the year 1853, was 1,245,112 francs, thus giving a total fund of 5,198,262 francs for operations. Of this large amount of money France contributed 2,364,148 francs, Saxony 257,114 francs, Prussia 200,995 francs, and Great Britain 193,746. The manner in which this was expended is thus stated, the amounts quoted being in francs:—

Missions in Europe	936,121
Missions in Asia	1,440,510
Missions in Africa	342,700
Missions in America	1,059,420
Missions in Oceania	413,787
Expenses for printing the "Annals," &c., in France and foreign countries	172,639
Expenses of administration in France and foreign countries	32,089
Total of expenses for the year 1853, alone	4,427,178
Balance of excess of receipts for the first payment to the missions of 1854	770,084
Sum total	5,198,262

The military affairs of the British are severely criticised by their own journals. The following is from a Liverpool paper: "The whole news from the army and navy indicate the blighting presence of over-wise veterans. Sir Charles Napier waiting for gun-boats—Admiral Dundas waiting for orders—the soldiers suffering in their stocks—the officers of the army pining for letters from home. The picture of the war is, so far, a picture of picturesque but unserviceable confusion."

Strut orders have been given by our heroic commanders, who want no witnesses of mismanagement, that the newspaper correspondents be forbidden to accompany the army in its advance in support of Omer Pasha.

One consolation is that our army in the East cannot be so bad as our army in India. The news by the latest mail is frightful—half a dozen officers in arrest at Agra for swindling; one for stealing a ring—and three officers' wives running away with three officers not their husbands, to Bombay. And this is the Indian army Sir Charles Napier was told by Lord Dalhousie needed no "mending reforms."

THE FOURTH OF JULY AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Green Bay Advocate contains an interesting account of the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence by the Indians of the Ojibwa nation. This friendly tribe has ever evinced a warm sympathy with our countrymen, and on all occasions are ready to render them such service as are in their power. They appear to be imbued with a truly American spirit. In their celebration they had an oration containing no little patriotic sentiment. About one hundred pale-faces joined with the red men in the celebration.

CHEAPER PAPER.—The New Orleans Bulletin says: "We are inclined to believe that the oakra plant of the South is destined to alleviate the grievous evil under which all publisherdom labors. We have seen specimens of strong white rope manufactured from its fibre. If it will make rope it certainly will make paper, and if it will make paper the present exorbitant prices must come down materially, for the supply of the raw material will be as inexhaustible as cheap."

A German woman passed through Dayton, Ohio, a few days since, having snugly packed up in a wine basket her six children, all of one birth. The Gazette says they were not much bigger than apple-dumplings, but seemed to be wide awake and kicking. They were six months old, all boys, and all as near of a size as possible.

The propeller Osceola, of the Providence line, which sprang a leak and sunk at her wharf in New York on Sunday night, has been pumped out and raised. Part of her cargo consisted of sugar, and is badly damaged. Whole loss \$2000 to \$3000.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamer Geo. Law, from Aspinwall, with the California mails and later news from the West coast of South America, arrived at New York Thursday. Her news is not of much importance.

About 200 houses were destroyed by fire in Marysville.

Wm. S. Way, formerly of Boston, was killed in San Francisco by A. B. Atkins, his former partner.

Preparatory orders had been received in San Francisco for Commodore Dalany, requiring the immediate despatch of two armed vessels for the Sandwich Islands on public service.

New and rich gold diggings were discovered about 25 miles from Port Orford, and also near "Grove," on the Southern Fork of State Creek, and Rowland's Flat.

The "Know-Nothings" were organizing at Sacramento.

A great fight between two large parties of Chinese took place on the 15th, near Weaverville. Thirty-one were killed and large numbers wounded.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.—A gentleman living at Elk Run, in the lower end of this county, has the good fortune to possess the most remarkable grimalkin yet known of the cat kind. Its body is of unusual length, its legs like those of a bench legged vice. The fur is of a reddish color, the whole beset with black spots and streaks of different figures; they are long in the back and round on the belly and jaws. Black stripes run across the ears, which are very long and tipped at the ends with a blue tuff of hair. Its physiognomy is fierce, and its nature savage.

His master's house being infested with snakes, which had been bred in a neighboring house, he took it into his head to exorcise some game as rats and mice, and make war upon the snakes, all of which he soon destroyed. Having acquired a taste for this kind of sport, he extended the field of his operations, frequently making excursions more than a mile distant from the house, and returning each and every day with a snake ranging from two to seven feet in length. He has continued this practice for eight weeks. On one occasion he returned much fatigued, and perfectly wet and covered with saliva. It was supposed he had encountered one of those large but rare serpents known as the Gooat. This turned out to be true, for the day thereafter Mr. Harvey B. Ralls found the snake dead, and signs of a dreadful conflict on the sand. Most or nearly all the wounds had been inflicted on the back of the neck. The weight of the horrid serpent was fourteen pounds eleven ounces!

This class of serpents is a native of Eastern Virginia, with very large heads and great jaws—the mouth is armed with cutting crooked teeth, among which are two longer than the rest, placed in the forepart of the upper jaw. All around the mouth there is a broad scaly border; and the eyes so large, that they give it a terrible aspect. The forehead is covered with large scales. Each side of the belly is marked with large spots of chestnut; in the middle of which, is a spot perfectly round, and like burnished gold. They have been known to swallow small pigs, musk-rats, opossums, &c. They avoid the sight of man, and are consequently rarely seen.

The cat still continues his war upon the snakes. These facts may not gain credence at a distance, but they are so well known and attested, that no one in the neighborhood doubts them for a moment.

Warrenton, N. C. Flag.

PAINTED NEGROES IN KANSAS.—A letter from Kansas to a paper in Oswego, N. Y., has a curious statement in regard to the process of turning out artificial negroes. He says the emigrants from the southern States, generally persons of limited means, with neither slaves nor other property, in order to establish the specious fact that Kansas is already occupied by and hopelessly given over to slavery, are PAINTING THE MAJORITY OF THEMSELVES BLACK, so as to resemble genuine Africans. To all comers from the States, these fictitious negroes protest that they are slaves, and as such, satisfied with their condition, and with loud professions of fealty to their nominal masters, they join with them in executing summary tar and feathers on all Free-soil propagandists caught among them. This fraud, which has long deceived the missionaries of freedom coming hither, has been at length discovered by extra vigilance on their part, and to their extreme hazard, just exposed.

THE FOUNDER OF MORMONISM.—The Sandusky (O.) Mirror notices the rejection by "Charles Webb" of the job of printing the Mormon Bible many years ago, which was published in the Tribune, and says: "The veritable Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, about thirty years ago, loafed about the taverns on the Susquehanna, near the Great Bend. He courted the daughter of a respectable farmer named Hall, but the old man forbade him his house. He took advantage one Sunday of the absence of the old man at church, took a yoke of oxen and wagon, the girl's bedding, loaded them all up and put off, got married and then cheated his father-in-law. It was near Great Bend, on the New York side of the river, that Joe pretended to find his redemption on stone! We were then a printer's devil, and carried a one horse mail from Montreal to Great Bend, and well remember of hearing frequently of the pranks of 'Lazy Joe.'"

THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION.—The Lake Superior Journal of a recent date recommends the establishment of a Cotton Manufactory at that point. The raw material, it urges, is nearer than it is to the Eastern Manufactories, and it contends that it can be turned into goods at Lake Superior at less cost than at the establishments referred to—with an immense market through the North West.

One of the greatest inventions for cutting staves out of solid blocks of timber that cannot be split, is the use of cotton wood, hitherto considered one of the most worthless yet most common tree in the west. The wood is sweeter and sufficiently strong for flour barrels and all dry casks. It is considerably used in the neighborhood of Alton, Illinois.

The number of females at present holding the office of Postmaster (or rather mistress) in the United States, is 121. They are appointed, give bonds, are commissioned, and receive the same compensation for their services as other Postmasters. Unmarried females only can hold the office of Postmaster.

A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER, in the Pottstown Ledger office, named B. F. Marsh, set up two long columns and a stick of that paper last week—making 8,351 ems—in 6 hours—the thermometer ranging from 85° to 96° in the shade.

Philadelphia Sun.

THE OFFICE OF THE LONDON TIMES.

The following interesting facts in relation to the largest newspaper establishment in the world, are furnished by a correspondent of the Providence Journal:

"Among many other famous places in London, I have visited the office of the London Times. To view the establishment, application must be made by letter to the manager. This dispatched, a reply was promptly received by post, and on the card was aimed the hour when the presses could be seen in motion. Mr. Applegraph a brother of the inventor of the press there used, and for many years superintendent of the machinery, a very amiable gentleman, conducted me through the various departments, freely answering inquiries, and explaining everything as we went along. Some idea of the resources and extent of the Times office may be had from the single fact that upwards of \$300,000 are paid to the government annually for stamps, a penny, or two cents, being paid on each number of the paper issued. The daily circulation is 52,000 copies each number, including the supplement, containing sixteen pages. Two hundred reams of paper are used every day, each weighing from 80 to 88 pounds, making in all from eight to nine tons. The quality of the paper every one knows who has read the Times. Each sheet costs the publishers a penny and a half, or three cents, before it is printed. One of the presses was put in motion at 1 o'clock P. M., to print an edition to be sent off by mail an hour later. Twenty men were employed on the press, part of them above in a gallery to supply paper, and part below to receive the printed sheets as they came out. The noise of the machine was so great that it was difficult in conversation to be heard. The number printed an hour is 1200. By holding a watch and counting, I discovered that each man received from 22 to 24 a minute. Now and then a sheet with an imperfect impression would be hastily thrown out by one of the sharp-eyed men below, and once or twice at the stroke of a bell all the wheels stopped, and the great machine commenced the stunning clatter again. I was shown to the vaults where the large stock of paper is kept. So much is now used that the supply is sometimes short of the demand, and the price is much advanced. For some time an advertisement has been standing in the columns of the Times, offering a reward of \$5000 for the discovery of a substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. This offer is made by the proprietor of the Times."

A NEW GOVERNOR FOR HAVANA.—One of the most interesting items by the Baltic is the appointment of Gen. Jose de la Cueva, as Captain General of Cuba. But yesterday, an exile, and now in power, and returned to his old place as Captain General, or Viceroy, of Cuba! Cueva left many friends and enemies when last in authority in Cuba. He was particularly anti-filibusterish, if we remember right, and was much complained of by our countrymen in that interest. He was also charged with being an abettor of the slave trade, by being a recipient of its profits, and winking at the traffic. Between the improved Government at Madrid and the intense feeling of the British Government in regard to this traffic in Cuba, we shall hope that there will at least be no increase of so monstrous a violation of all the laws of really civilized Governments.

TAXATION IN BOSTON.—The Board of Assessors of this city have determined that the rate of taxation the present year shall be \$9.20 on \$1000 valuation; an increase of \$1.60 on \$1000 over last year, when the rate was \$7.60. The valuation of the real estate is ten millions more than last year, when it was \$116,099,900. On personal estate there has been an increased valuation of about nine millions over the valuation of 1883, when it was \$99,423,300. The total valuation last year \$225,523,200. This year it will be \$235,000,000 in round numbers.—Boston Atlas.

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTE.—The Courier des Etats Unis learns from Paris that young Bonaparte, of Baltimore, grandson of the Prince Jerome, has decided to accept letters of naturalization, and the grade of lieutenant in the French army. This is confirmatory of the telegraphic announcement in the Commercial yesterday that M. Bonaparte had resigned his rank as lieutenant in the United States army, and that the resignation had been accepted by the War department. The young gentleman's chances of preferment are, doubtless much greater in France than here.

THE PROFITS OF ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELRY.—Since the withdrawal of Mr. E. P. Christy from the stage, a table has been published showing the gradual progress which he made in rendering his melody entertainments popular and lucrative. In 1849 he gave 69 concerts at an average profit of \$427; in 1850, (the best year) 305 concerts at an average profit of \$86 87; and in 1853, 312 concerts, at an average profit of \$78 87. The gross receipts of twelve years have been \$317,559 37, of which \$160,873 60 were profits. The whole number of concerts is stated at 2,792.

YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.—At the time of the latest advices from New Orleans there were 10 cases of yellow fever in the Charity Hospital, and the disease was evidently spreading. It was estimated that the deaths from yellow fever during the past week would average 10 per day. One of the city physicians has given it as his opinion that the disease is already epidemic; in private practice, however, it has thus far been of a mild type, and readily yields to careful treatment. The weather continued very hot.

Messrs Clifford and Swift, referees in the matters at issue between the Old Colony and Fall River Railroads, have made up their award, settling the terms on which the two corporations shall be consolidated into one, in accordance with the decision of the stockholders of each at a regular meeting. Another meeting is to be called to bear the terms of the union.

The New York Journal of Commerce says information has been received by the underwriters that the steamship Franklin has again been moved a short distance from where she has lain imbedded in the sand, and that there seems to be more probability of getting her off. All the working part of her machinery has been taken out.

The Nantucket Inquirer says that a species of fish called the Stingray was caught by Mr. Valentine O. Holmes, at Siascouset, last week, which measured 13 1/2 feet in length, 6 feet in width, and 15 inches in thickness, weighing about 800 pounds.

FAST HORSE SOLD.—George B. Clarke, of Buffalo, has sold a fast trotting mare "Belle of Saratoga," for \$5,000, to a gentleman of New York.

CONSUMPTION.—N. P. Willis has concluded his series of letters from Idlewild.

We infer from his last letter that the fell destroyer, whose attacks he has avowed for years by a proper attention to diet and regimen, is again stealing away his life-blood. In the following extract he truthfully portrays the characteristics of consumption:

"But consumption, mourner over as it is, seems to me a gentle untiring of the knot of life, instead of the sudden and harsh tearing asunder of its threads by other disease—a tenderness in the destroying angel, as it were, which gently softens, for some, his inevitable errand to *ad*. It is a decay with little or no pain, insensible almost in its progress, delayed, sometimes, year after year, in its more fatal approaches. And it is not alone in its indulgent prolonging and deferring, that consumption is like a blessing. The cords which it first loosens are the coarser ones most confining to the mind. The weight of the material senses is gradually taken from the soul with the lightening of their food and the lessening of their strength. Probably, till he owns himself an invalid, no man has ever given the wings of his spirit room enough—few, if any, have thought to adjust the ministrings to body and soul so as to subdue the senses to their secondary place and play. With illness enough for this, and not enough to distress or weaken—with consumption, in other words, as most commonly experienced—the mind becomes conscious of a wonderfully new freedom and predominance. Things around alter their value. Estimates of persons and pursuits strangely change. Nature seems as newly beautiful as if a film had fallen from the eyes. The purer affections, the simpler motives, the humbler and more secluded reliances for sympathy, are found to have been the closest-linked with thoughts bolder and freer. Who has not wondered at the cheerfulness of consumptive persons? It is because with the senses kept under by invalid treatment, there is no 'depression of spirits.' With careful regimen and the system purified and disciplined, life, what there is of it, is in the most exhilarating balance of its varied proportions. Death is not dreaded where there is, thus, such a conscious breaking through of the wings of another life, freer and higher."

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—Mr. Fluddlin, in his narrative of a residence in Persia, relates a curious incident which occurred when he was at Isphahan.

"The Persian servant of a European had been stung by a scorpion, and his master wished to apply ammonia, the usual remedy in such cases, but the man refused, and ran off to the bazaar. When he returned he said he was cured, and appeared to be so. The European, rather surprised at this almost instantaneous cure, questioned him, and found that he had been to a dervish, who, he said, after examining the wound and uttering a few words, had several times touched it with a little iron blade. Still more astonished at the remedy than the cure, the European desired to see the instrument by which the latter had been effected. At the cost of a small picket he was allowed to have it for a few minutes in his possession. After a careful examination, finding nothing extraordinary in the instrument, he made up his mind that the cure was a mere trick; that the dervish was an impostor; that the scorpion sting had not penetrated, and that his servant had been more frightened than hurt. He threw the blade contemptuously upon the table, when, to his great surprise, he beheld it attach itself firmly to a knife. The quack's instrument was simply a magnet. But what power had the loadstone's attraction over venom? This discovery was very odd; incredulity was very odd; was at nonplus, and yet the man stung by the scorpion was cured, and he who had cured him was in great renown at Isphahan for the treatment of that sort of wound."

FREEZING IN MIDSUMMER.—It is given up on all hands that we have experienced this Summer an unusual degree of heat; for a whole week the thermometer ranged in the neighborhood and above 90 degrees; producing a temperature that naturally inclined one to weigh the possibility of intense fires raging above and beneath. During the hottest spell, a negro man engaged in loading a barge with ice for the up-country, conceived the idea of having at least one cool siesta. He accordingly stretched himself upon the large blocks of ice, which were thinly covered with sawdust, and soon fell into a profound sleep. How the icy coldness gradually diffused itself through his system, and crept into his very marrow, he could not tell, but when discovered he was found to be quite stiffly frozen. By the use of prompt measures, he was in time thoroughly thawed, and was ready next day for his usual routine of duties.—Mobile Tribune.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.—In the House of Commons recently, Sir J. Graham stated that her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror not having been heard of for more than nine years, it was concluded that they were lost, and the Admiralty, upon proper evidence, and upon receiving proper security for refunding the money in the event of the ships turning up, had directed the arrears of nine years' pay to be paid over to the representatives of the officers and men. There were 24 officers and 102 seamen attached to these ships, and of these numbers 19 representatives of the first class and 88 of the second had claimed and obtained the pay.

QUEER PLACE FOR A TOAD.—One of the operators of the House Telegraph, informs us that while repairing the telegraph wires at Fairfield, a few days since, a live full grown toad, was found under the glass insulator, on the top of a pole, which was a chequer, perfectly smooth, twenty five feet high, and not near any tree or building. How his toadship came there, or how long he had occupied his aerial, but precarious position, is a matter for curious speculation.—Hartford Courant.

THE NEW CANADA CURRENCY.—By an official proclamation published in the Canada Gazette, we learn that the act regulating the currency of that Province and which was passed last year, went into full operation August 1st. The legal value of the dollar will now be five shillings of the present Canada currency, and that of the cent, one-hundredth of a dollar. Business transactions in either currency will be legal.

The Dublin is a native of the marshes of Peru, and was named after Dahl, the famous Swedish botanist. It is more than thirty years since its introduction into Europe, and it is now the universal favorite of florists. The number of known varieties is about 500.

THE MOUSTACHE.—We hear that all branches of the service are delighted with the new moustache memorandum; even the old pensioners of Chelsea College are taking the most energetic measures to get under their faded bristles.

MEMORANDA.—Old at Philadelphia

